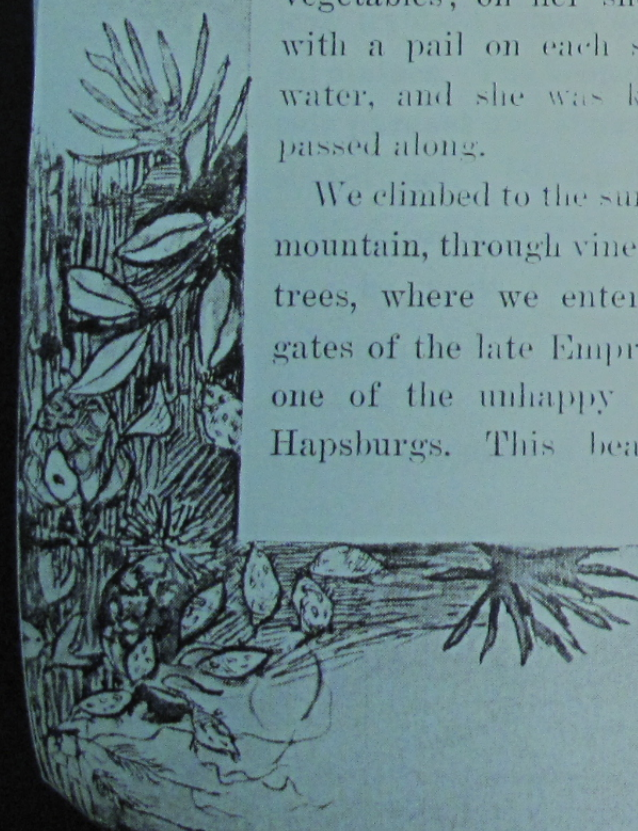



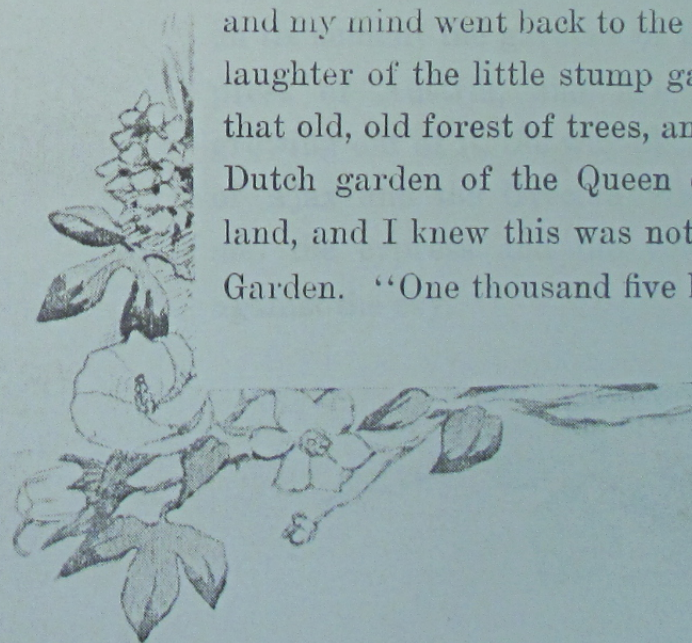
great walls of yellow cacti. Greek peasants, coming and going to market, rode on little donkeys, with their water bottles on their heads. All carried burdens. One woman carried on her head a huge tray, laden with fruit and vegetables; on her shoulders a yoke with a pail on each side filled with water, and she was knitting as she passed along.




We climbed to the summit of a white mountain, through vineyards and olive trees, where we entered the Palace gates of the late Empress of Austria, one of the unhappy queens of the Hapsburgs. This beautiful Palace,

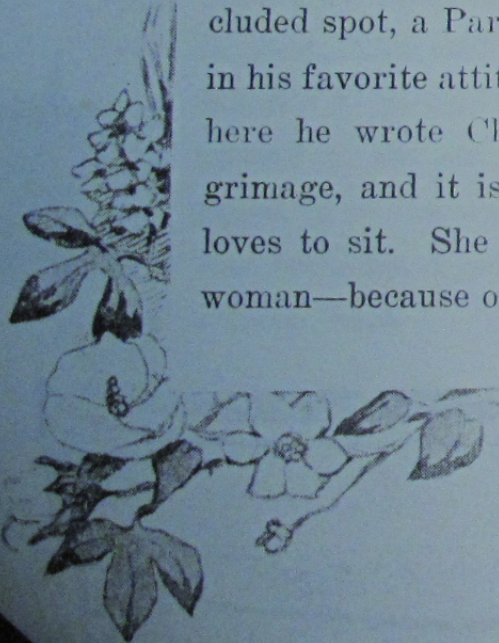



the Empress designed and built as a refuge from her husband, the Emperor. From the terraces you can see for miles over the Ionian Sea. In the gardens, roses were blooming and many tropical plants unknown to us, palms and jasmine, but everywhere were cypress trees and yew. "What an unhappy garden," we exclaimed, and my mind went back to the running laughter of the little stump garden in that old, old forest of trees, and to the Dutch garden of the Queen of England, and I knew this was not a Love Garden. "One thousand five hundred






workmen built it." Everywhere gleamed costly marbles and bronzes, life size, of classic subjects, Roman and Greek. Great mirrors were skillfully arranged in caves and grottos to reflect the beauties. On every side, long trellised arbors led up to beautiful statues. The keeper led us down a side parapet and showing us, in a secluded spot, a Parian figure of Byron in his favorite attitude, said: "It was here he wrote Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, and it is here the Empress loves to sit. She is a very unhappy woman—because of the Emperor," he

said, and again I heard the voice of the Irish knitting-woman from over the sea: "It was because of the Prince," she said, and I saw again the roses in the little Dutch garden of the "widow at Windsor." At the rising of the moon, as the ship's anchor was lifted, and we sailed out among the Ionian Islands, we saw their jewel Corfu and on its summit the gardens of the Empress of Austria, and like flowers growing out of it, the war-like figures of Ajax and the Grecian Wrestlers, and the cypress and the yew, dark against the sky.

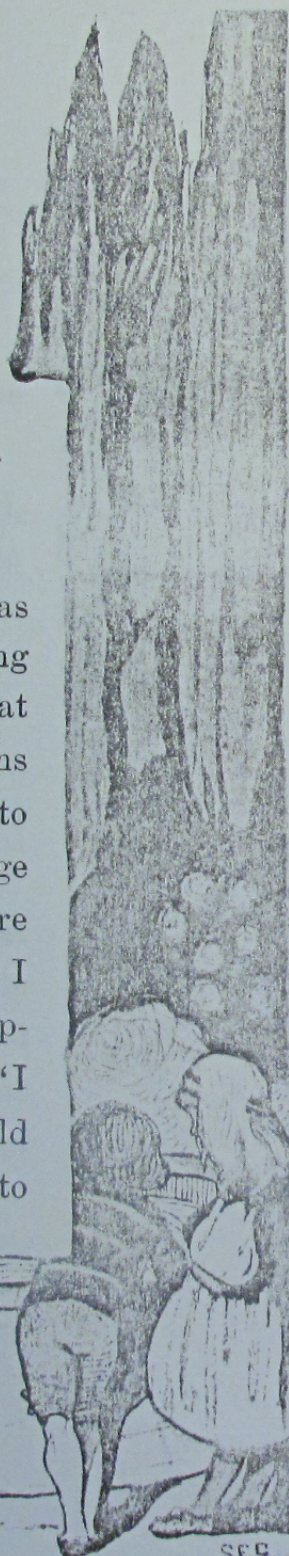


ATHENS, GREECE.

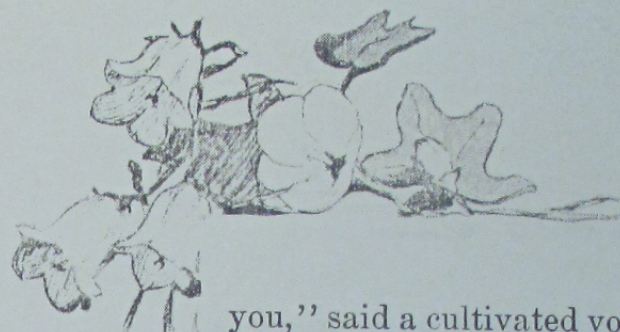
A BELOVED QUEEN'S GARDEN.

The Garden of the Spirit.

THE Place de la Constitution was deserted in the early morning when our Greek host suggested that we go over to the Royal Gardens opposite our Hotel D'Angleterre to see a very old sundial. "King George is away," he said, "and visitors are allowed to go in." I went, and as I passed at the gate one whom I supposed to be the gardener, I said: "I was told, sir, I might see a very old sundial here." "Let me show it to



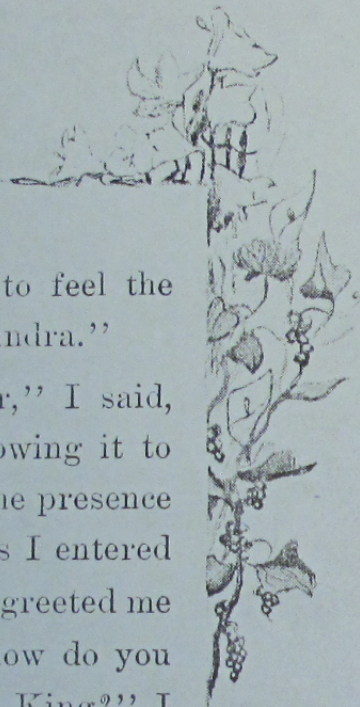
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you," said a cultivated voice, "you are an English woman." "No sir, I am Canadian born, and a loyal British subject."

"Then," he said, "you will be interested in the gardens designed by your Queen Alexandra." We passed into the loveliest of blue gardens. Blue flowers were everywhere. Daintiest rows of them bordered the currant bushes and tall white Resurrection Lilies, passion flower and summer flax. The movement of this garden suggested the lithe, beautiful figure of our beloved Queen. "This is a spirit





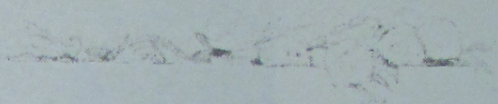
garden, and here I seem to feel the spiritual presence of Alexandra."




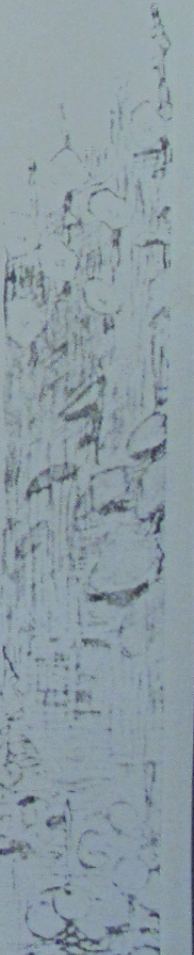
"I love this garden, sir," I said, "and I thank you for showing it to me," and I passed out of the presence of the Royal gardener. As I entered my hotel, a laughing group greeted me with the words: "Well, how do you like the King?" "What King?" I asked.

"King George of Greece. Look at him now!" I looked through the window and saw the one whom I had supposed to be the gardener, with his left foot on the stirrup, about to mount

1713



a magnificent thoroughbred. A riding-cap upon his head bore the Royal coat-of-arms. In the hand of an attendant near by, I saw the little peak morning cap of the one who had with such gracious simplicity shown me the Queen's Gardens, and King George of Greece, brother of our own beloved Queen—Alexandra—galloped off towards the violet crowned hills of Athens on the road that leads to Marathon.





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